

We had grown up so together, every thought and feeling seemed so inwoven, that I could not think aught could occur to change you. And now the mere rumour of this proposed foreign alliance, has chilled every affectionate feeling. Not a word of tenderness do you utter, but coldly bid me give up all the hope which has given to life a charm. How mistaken I was in you,—I deemed you had heart and feeling."

"Hush, James! do not let any harsh words pass between us; let us not have that to add to the pain of our separation; you would spare your reproaches, could you know the effort it is for me to subdue my feelings; I trust you will never know the agony I have suffered in giving up the dearest wish of my heart.—But it is madness to indulge it longer."

"Mary, why is there such a stern necessity for our separation? If you will be firm, we can surely accomplish our union. You know my father loves me; he has always treated me like a child, and he must desire to see me in the position which, had Lucy Walters been Queen of England, I should have held; this can be done alone by my union with you,—and surely there is no one the people would prefer before myself: for you must see, dear Mary, the marks of affection and favour I constantly receive."

"Nay, James, indulge not the hope: my father has forbidden me, in the most positive terms, to think of a marriage with you, and I must obey him—I—."

"Hear me, Mary; if this is your resolve, I will instantly strike a blow for my rights; I shall leave for Scotland to-morrow,—and—"

"May it please you, gracious Lady, the Duke your father is uneasy at your long absence; he has asked for you repeatedly, and has even now sent to your apartments, to see if you had returned from the ball-room."

This was said by a young page, a personal attendant of the Princess Mary; he had drawn back the curtain just sufficiently to address her without attracting attention.

Mary looked agitated and alarmed. "Go, find the Lady Anne, Archer, and bid her come to me in this recess."

The page disappeared.

"Now, Monmouth, you must leave me; I shall incur my father's most serious displeasure, if he hears we have been together."

"I will not subject you to that, Mary," he replied,—*"may you be happy!"* He then opened the window, near which they were standing, turned hastily, seized her hand, pressed it fondly to his lips, sprang out—and ere Mary could speak the words of kindness which hovered on her lips, she

heard his foot on the ground, and, looking out, saw him speeding away through the garden walks. She hastily closed the window, but did not venture from her retreat, till she heard the voice of her sister approaching the place where she was, then gliding quietly out, she placed her arm within hers, and said:

"Oh! Anne, come with me to my room; I am ill."

"Mary, what imprudence have you been committing? My father has been looking for you; he missed you and Monmouth, and thought you were together; why is it, Mary, you tremble? Can you have been so infatuated as to listen again to him, notwithstanding the promise you gave my father?"

"Oh! reproach me not, Anne! I but saw him to tell him he must give up all hope of our union; and to reconcile him, if possible, to it. I was calm, Anne, though my own heart was almost breaking; he thought me cold, and unfeeling, for I would not let him see the suffering it cost me, lest it should encourage him to some rash act,—I should rather he would deem me heartless, than that he should do aught to incur his father's displeasure. But he is too noble; it is hard to submit to this separation. Then, too, it seems as if the interests of the country might be quite as well secured by my union with him, as by any foreign alliance. But come with me to my room; and then return, and tell my father I am ill—for indeed I am,—and have retired for the night."

They left the brilliantly lighted apartments of the Queen; and passing through a small corridor came to those set apart for the young Princess. Mary's "*femme de chambre*" relieved her aching brows of the heavy glittering coronet, and replaced the stiff brocaded drapery, by a light "*robe de nuit*," and then Lady Anne left her to her own reflections; and sad they were! She was a noble, generous, and loving woman; she had given her warmest and earliest affection to her Cousin Monmouth. His fascinating manners, eminently handsome person, and reckless generosity, won the love all of who came within the sphere of his influence, and from the time when he first came to Court, and found his little cousin a wee toddling thing, he had been her protector, and most devoted friend, and, year by year, the tie which bound them together had strengthened. The King seemed rather pleased by this juvenile attachment; he loved James fondly, and always treated him in every respect like his own son, and almost every one supposed he would ultimately acknowledge him as his legitimate son, and proclaim him heir to the throne, and perhaps he would have done so, had not the Duke of York,